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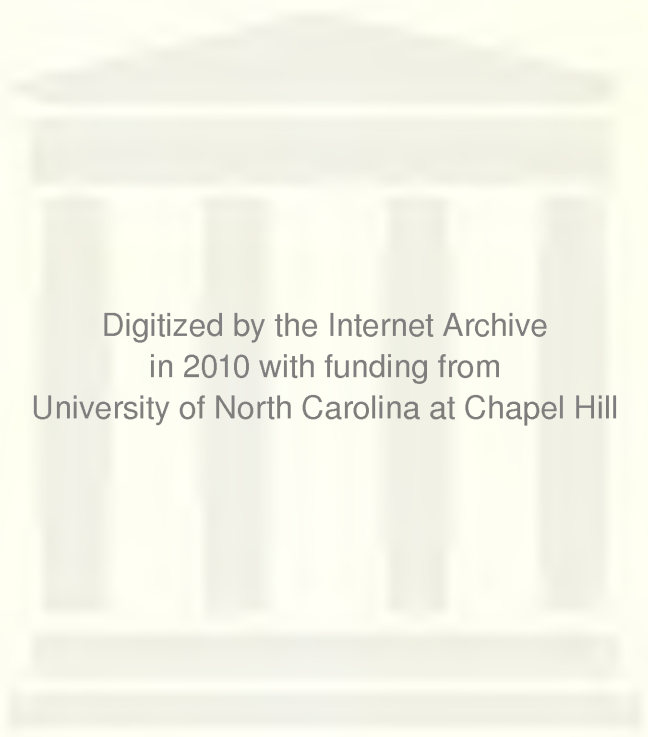
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ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

HISTORICAL SOCIETY

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH-CAROLINA,

June 6, 1855,

BY

RT. REV. BISHOP ATKINSON.

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ADDRESS.

Nearly two centuries have elapsed since the mighty spirit of Oliver Cromwell went forth to its last account, to receive its reward according to the deeds done in the body; and yet mankind are almost as far as ever from being agreed as to the true character of that extraordinary person, and as to the nature and value of the influence he exerted on the destinies of our race.

Yet, certainly, the events of his life were neither obscure nor ambiguous. His deeds were not done in a corner, but in the face of alarmed and admiring Europe. His speeches were uttered to listening senates, and at the head of armies. His letters have been preserved among the most important state papers of great kingdoms. Yet, with all this glare of light falling upon him, his moral and intellectual proportions seem still vague and indeterminate.

By some persons he is regarded not only as a hero of the noblest type, but the purest of patriots, and scarcely less than the most devout of saints. By others, again, he is considered as a coarse, vulgar upstart—possessed, indeed, of uncommon abilities, but who owed his guilty elevation rather to the favor of circumstances, and a remarkable and detestable combination of low cunning with unscrupulous violence, than to any marked superiority in courage or intellect over his contemporaries. The last view has been, until of late, the most generally received.

It was the misfortune of Cromwell to belong to a party which must be, on the whole, pronounced illiterate, although John Milton was a member of it. It was his fault or his misfortune that he was at the same time disliked by the Republicans and abhorred by the Royalists; that by the former he was regarded as the supplanter of the liberties of his country—by the latter, as scarcely anything else than an incarnate fiend. It was his misfortune, that the principal historian of his era was a man who disliked him personally and

politically, but whose dislike was not so blind as to make him utterly insensible to the shining qualities of his enemy, and whose wisdom and powers of language and knowledge of his subject are such, that his words will never fall to the ground while the English language subsists. The very candor, then, of Clarendon, while it has made his portrait of Cromwell more life-like, has tended to secure the acceptance of the darkest tints which he has used as being true to nature. On the whole, if dead men know and feel the estimate in which they are held by their fellow creatures on earth, Cromwell scarcely can have been in Paradise.

But latterly, public opinion has begun to be considerably modified. There were some evidences of change in the beginning of the century. No less a statesman than Mr. Fox—himself, withal, a descendant of Charles I., though in a channel of which he had no reason to be proud—ventured to say of the execution of that king, “the act for which Cromwell was most denounced, that there was something in the splendor and magnanimity of it, which had served to raise the character of the English nation in the opinion of Europe in general.” But in our own day, Cromwell has found an advocate who does not deal in faint praise—who is not affrighted by the death of Charles nor the massacre at Tredagh; who sees in his hero nothing but what is right and wise, just and good. This is Carlyle. It must be admitted that, in rescuing from oblivion the character of Cromwell, he has done his work well and skilfully. He passes, with a light touch, those points which would shock the ordinary feelings of humanity in his hearers, and he brings out into most vivid light, whatever can affect the imagination or bias the judgment in behalf of his hero. It seems, by the bye, to be a new and very singular feature in the literature of this age, that so much of it is devoted to reversing the sentence which mankind have pronounced on those men who have been condemned as the great criminals of our race. Until very lately, when the basest and most noxious of demagogues was to be stigmatized—when insolence and sycophancy, rashness and cowardice, vulgar ambition and mean envy were to be described in one word—the name of Cleon was used. But now, Mr. Grote has undertaken to show that he was one of the martyrs of the

world's injustice, and was really, after all, a very proper person. So has it been with Robespierre. From that day when his ears, about to be cold in death, were filled with the exulting shouts of the people of Paris rejoicing in his fate; from that day, when, on the scaffold, a woman from the crowd exclaimed to him, "Murderer, your agony fills me with joy! Descend to hell, covered with the curses of every mother in France!"—from that day, till within these few years, Robespierre has been looked on, not merely as indefensible, but beyond the pale of human sympathy—so intensely a lover of himself, as to be an enemy of his race. But Lamartine pledges himself to the world that all this is false.

According to him, Robespierre perished the victim of his virtues. Devotion to the people—that is, the oppressed portion of humanity—a passionate desire to restore liberty to the bondmen, equality to the humble, fraternity to the human race, supremacy to reason—these were his crimes. He did, indeed, shed blood, but with repugnance. In the meantime, he submitted to the most cruel humiliations and privations to assure that victory to the people, the fruits of which he disdained for himself. Such, we are now told in the most eloquent language—such was really the man whom the world has execrated as hypocrite, tyrant and vampire. When men of the abject nature of these demagogues—men great only in their wickedness—with no fire of genius, no depth of insight, incapable of any heroic purpose, or any act of generous self-forgetfulness—when such persons are exalted to the rank of heroes, no wonder that a man of consummate ability, of undoubted courage, of many gentle and tender, as well as many high and noble traits of character, should be almost deified by an eccentric and impassioned admirer. It is desirable, however, that we should get rid of all these disturbing influences—of the bitterness of conquered and exiled Clarendon, on the one hand, of the all-applauding enthusiasm of Carlyle, on the other—and that, without any theory to advance or any passion to gratify, we should endeavor to do justice, strict justice, to a man, to whom, as to all other men, justice and truth are due, and who ought to be impartially and accurately estimated, because he is far from being the last of his class. It requires no prophet to foresee that in our

own or the next generation, other Cromwells will rise up in Europe, perhaps in America; and it is well to investigate, beforehand, the circumstances which produce them, and the different phases of character through which they pass.

That Oliver Cromwell, then, was a great man, must be acknowledged, his enemies themselves being judges. Clarendon's sentence on him is worth giving, not only because it is the judgment of one great man by another—his contemporary, his associate and his enemy—but also because it is a striking instance of that singular power of individualizing the figures of history; of painting a man by words, so that no canvass of Vandyke or Titian shall be more characteristic or better remembered; a power which Clarendon possessed beyond any historian of ancient or modern times, except perhaps Tacitus.

Look, then, here at the original picture, from which all the engravings, so to speak, of Cromwell have been taken—all the representations which have been popularly accredited in histories, pamphlets, essays and the like:—"He was," says Clarendon, "one of those men whom their very enemies cannot revile, without at the same time praising; for he never could have done half that mischief without great parts, courage, industry and judgment. He must have had a wonderful understanding in the natures and humors of men, and as great address in applying them, who, from a private and obscure birth, (though of a good family,*) without interest or estate, alliance or friendship, could raise himself to such a height, and compound and knead such opposite and contradictory tempers, humors and interests into a consistence that contributed to his designs and to their destruction, whilst himself grew insensibly powerful enough to cut off those by whom he climbed, in the instant that they projected to demolish their own building. What Vellerius Paternulus said of Cinna, may very justly be said of him: that he dared what no good man would have dared, and that he accomplished what none but the bravest could have accomplished. Without doubt, no man with more wickedness ever attempted anything, or brought to pass what he desired more

* Cromwell was a cousin, though a far-off one, of Charles I. himself—his mother having been a Stewart, descended from the royal family of Scotland.

wickedly—more in the face and contempt of religion and moral honesty ; yet, wickedness as great as his could never have accomplished those trophies without the assistance of a great spirit and admirable circumspection and sagacity, and a most magnanimous resolution.

“When he appeared first in the Parliament, he seemed to have a person in no degree gracious ; no ornament of discourse ; none of those talents which used to reconcile the affections of the stander-by : yet, as he grew into place and authority, his parts seemed to be raised, as if he had concealed faculties until he had occasion to use them ; and when he was to act the part of a great man, he did it without any indecency, notwithstanding the want of custom. After he was confirmed and invested Protector, by the humble petition and advice, he consulted with very few upon any occasion of importance, nor communicated any enterprize he resolved upon, with more than those who were to have principal parts in the execution of it, nor with them sooner than was absolutely necessary. What he once resolved, in which he was not rash, he would not be dissuaded from, nor endure any contradiction of his power and authority, but extorted obedience from them who were not willing to yield it.” Clarendon then mentions an instance, in which he imprisoned a man who refused to pay a tax that he had laid upon the city ; and when Maynard, an eminent lawyer, of counsel for the prisoner, demanded of the Court of King’s Bench to set him at liberty, because of the illegality of the imprisonment, the Protector sent Maynard himself to the Tower, and severely rebuked the judges for entertaining the question—demanding of them, who *made* them judges, or whether they had any authority to sit there but what he gave them ? and dismissed them with the caution, that they should not suffer the lawyers to prate what it would not become them to hear. Thus he subdued a spirit that had been often troublesome to the most sovereign power, and made Westminster Hall as obedient and subservient to his commands, as any of the rest of his quarters. In all other matters which did not concern the life of his jurisdiction, he seemed to have great reverence for the law—rarely interposing between party and party.

As he proceeded with this kind of indignation and haughti-

ness with those who were refractory and dared to contend with his greatness, so towards all those who complied with his good pleasure and courted his protection, he used a wonderful civility, generosity and honesty.

To reduce three nations which perfectly hated him to an entire obedience to his dictates; to awe and govern those nations by an army that was undevoted to him and wished his ruin, was an instance of a very prodigious address. But his greatness at home was but a shadow of the glory he had abroad. It was hard to discover which feared him most—France, Spain or the Low Countries—where his friendship was current at the value he himself put upon it. As they did all sacrifice their honor and their interest to his pleasure, so there was nothing which he could have demanded that either of them would have denied him. To manifest which, two instances are given by Clarendon. One is that so well known, of the Waldenses, whose prince, the Duke of Savoy, had determined upon their extirpation. These, “whose moans the vales redoubled to the hills, and they to Heaven,” touched the heart of Cromwell with pity and with indignation. He sent an agent at once to the Duke of Savoy—a prince with whom he had no correspondence nor commerce—to demand a cessation of the persecution; and so engaged Cardinal Mozaine, and even terrified the Pope himself—being accustomed to say that his ships should visit Civita Vecchia, and the sound of his cannon be heard in Rome—that the Duke of Savoy restored to his protestant subjects all he had taken from them, and renewed their privileges that they had forfeited. In the other instance, his authority was yet greater and more incredible. The Protestants in the city of Nismes, in France, on occasion of a disputed election, had, without warning, fired upon the dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church and the magistrates of the town, and killed several of them. The French Court was glad of this outrage, as it was thereby furnished with a justification for what it wished to do—that is, strike a heavy blow against the reformed religion in that country—meaning to put to death a number of their leaders, pull down their churches in that city, and expel many from their homes. The rioters submitted themselves to the magistrates, but they could not obtain even a

promise of mercy. In this extremity they sent to Cromwell for protection; and their messenger made the utmost haste. Cromwell having heard his account, told him to refresh himself after so long a journey, and that he would take such care of his business, that by the time he reached Paris on his return, he would find it dispatched. And this was verified: for when the messenger came to Paris, he found that an order had already been given to stop the troops which were on their march to the offending city; and in a few days a full pardon and amnesty were given under the great seal of France. He never suffered Cardinal Mozaine to deny him anything: and the poor man complained that he knew not how to behave himself; for if he undertook to punish the Protestants, Cromwell threatened him; and if he showed them favor, he was accounted at Rome a heretic.

With all this force of character, he was not a man of blood. Constant efforts were made to assassinate him; and he was importuned by his officers to permit a general massacre of the Royal party, but he would never consent. In short, says Clarendon, somewhat inconsistently, after such a recital, "as he had all the wickedness against which damnation is denounced and for which hell-fire is prepared, so he had some virtues which have caused the memory of some men in all ages to be celebrated, and he will be looked on by posterity as a brave bad man." This, then, was beyond all question a great man. Out of the mouth of the enemies who hated him most, we have the strongest testimony.

He was no braggart like Cleon, no declaimer like Robespierre; but a man of admirable sagacity, of the clearest insight into human nature and personal character, of the soundest judgment, and a courage so unblenching, a resolution so magnanimous, that, in this respect, none of Plutarch's heroes, no knight in the most brilliant age of chivalry, has ever excelled him. He was, says one of the contemporaries, a strong man. In the dark perils of war, in the high places of the field, hope shone in him like a pillar of fire, when it had gone out in all others. But great men have their gradations. There are those who tower above their competitors, as Mont Blanc lifts itself above the other Alpine heights. There are a few whose names we instinctively recall when we think of

transcendent ability. They are such as Alexander, as Cæsar, as Napoleon. No man thinks of putting them on the same level with ordinary conquerors or statesmen. Beasidas was a great man, but he was not Alexander; Scipio was a great man, but he was not Cæsar; Ney and Massena were great men, but they were fit only to be the marshals of Napoleon. And this, I think, will be seen to be a characteristic of these stars of the first magnitude, that their light shines on the whole sphere of human thought. It is not this or that work which they are competent to do; but whatever it be that is most difficult to man, and yet possible, these men show themselves competent to effect, when the occasion presents itself. Think, *e. g.*, of Alexander—of that man dying before he was thirty-two, yet, having not only won the most marvellous victories that history records, but effected conquests as durable as they were extensive—yet finding time to master the philosophy and literature of Greece; and while borne along in the whirlwind of victory, still capable of discerning, with the prophetic eye of genius, the spot best suited to establish a city worthy to bear his name—a city whose position was selected with such wisdom that no revolution could overthrow it, no extremity of war, no vicissitudes of commerce, no changes of dynasty, no successions of religion, no extirpations even of races of men have prevented it from continuing, for more than 2,000 years, one of the leading cities of the world. Till his day, Greece was a corner of Europe; after his day, Greece overspread the world—in its language, its literature, its colonies, its kingdoms, its moral and even its political ascendancy.

The intellect of Alexander, then, was wide and various like the empire he established. Still more certain is this of Julius Cæsar, the greatest perhaps of all men. His deeds in war were but a small part of his achievements. He was an orator whom only want of time prevented from excelling Cicero: he was a writer, whose mere notes of his campaigns are among the most valued monuments of history; he was the reformer of the Calendar, and for 1,600 years it remained as he had settled it. The penetration which belongs to superior genius; its insight into character, not only where indi-

viduals are the objects of observation, but whole races of men; its power to seize on what is durable and distinctive, passing by what is ephemeral or what is common to all men—these prerogatives of great souls are strikingly indicated in some remarks which Cæsar casually throws out, that seem, also, in a very memorable way, to illustrate the permanence of national types of character. In speaking of the Gauls, the ancestors of the modern French, he mentions that he would not communicate to them certain plans of great importance which he was revolving, because of their fickleness and impressibility of nature. “For,” he goes on to say, “that it was their custom to stop travelers on the road, however reluctant these might be to be detained, and require them to tell all the news they had heard; and that the populace in the towns would gather around merchants from abroad, and compel information from them of the countries from which they came, and of whatever was memorable or interesting that was known in those distant lands.

“At the same time they were easily swayed by the rumors which thus reached them, and, on the strength of such intelligence, entered on the most important designs, which they would afterwards find it necessary to retrace up to their very first steps, because they had been acting in conformity with false information, which had been given them in response rather to their wishes than to the facts of the case.”

Could a more vivid picture be drawn of modern France—especially of that Paris which concentrates in itself not merely the powers and impulses, but all the distinctive peculiarities of France? The impressionable, sympathetic, impetuous, inconstant, daring, cruel, frivolous, licentious, generous, faithless, inquisitive, intellectual Gaul whom we meet with on the page of Cæsar—that medley of great faults and great excellencies—is the Frenchman of the League, of the Fronde, of the Revolution. What an eagle eye was that which sees all these things while he is marching at the head of his legions from one battle-field to another; what a genius, which grasps every subject, the sublimest, the most trivial; what quickness, which enables him to dictate to his secretaries seven letters at a time, on the most important subjects, shaking Rome

from the extremity of Belgium, and in ten years subduing Gaul, the Rhine and the Ocean of the North?

Alike in transcendent genius, but scarcely equal, was Napoleon. It is not his marvellous success in war that places him in this grade, it is the universality of his powers; it is not Lodi, nor Marengo, nor the Pyramids, nor Austerlitz alone; but that Code Napoleon, so wise and just, and so adapted to the wants of men that it has survived him and his Empire, and by it he still rules among his enemies; it is that eloquence by which he spoke to the hearts of his soldiers, and stirred them as by the sound of a trumpet; it is that prophetic power by which he announced, nearly forty years ago, the present war in Europe, the life and death struggle between the Republican and the Cossack—for such in essence it is. It is wonderful that such a man as either Cæsar or Napoleon should be born in any country; but how much more wonderful that one country should produce, even with an interval of eighteen centuries, these, in point of genius, the two foremost men of all the earth.

Nothing, it would seem, but the most perverse love of paradox could induce one to imagine that Oliver Cromwell was the superior of these prodigies of intellect. As a warrior, he never lost a battle; as a statesman, he controlled the diplomacy of Europe, and he died in his own palace—not in exile, like Napoleon, not under the hand of assassins, like Cæsar—but with every enemy prostrate, and leaving his mere name such a terror to men, that no one dared to stir or lift his hand against a single disposition he had made for six months after his bones were laid in the earth. And it is this success which seems to have fascinated Carlyle, who looks on might and right as equivalent, and has much more faith in trial by battle than by jury, or parliament, or ballot box, or any other human means. His God is, in a sense rather different from that of the Hebrews, the God of Hosts. But, after all, how far did Cromwell triumph? He established no dynasty as Cæsar did, and as perhaps even Napoleon indirectly has done. He could not even frame a government that would work. He called parliament after parliament, and after a few weeks was obliged to dissolve each one, his object frustrated. The edifice of his personal power and fortunes fell

immediately after him. And we may well ask, what enduring monument of any sort did he leave? There was no improvement in the constitution of his country of which he can be said to have been the author. He found English law in a transition state, between feudality and the modern commercial equitable system; he found it confused, incoherent, dilatory, and he left it so. There is no Cromwellian Code to rival the Code Napoleon, nor indeed any notable improvement, such as was actually wrought afterwards by inferior men in Charles II.'s day. Science and literature, though like other great men he honored them and wished them well, yet received no substantial, practical benefit from him. English architecture received nothing from him but injuries. He reared no monument in stone or marble to the nation's greatness or his own glory; but he permitted some of the noblest which England possessed to be *mutilated*, which he never restored. These were the castles, and above all, those ancient and magnificent cathedrals, the most precious heir-loom of all the national treasures that modern England has derived from the ancestral race, but which to Cromwell's soldiers were doubly odious, as refuges for their enemies, and as symbols of a faith which they abhorred. The cathedral at Carlisle is, as I saw it a few years since, not yet restored from the ruin brought on it by the wanton violence of a time when,

"Priests were from their Altars thrust,
And Temples levelled to the dust,
And solemn rites, and awful forms,
Foundered amid fanatic storms!"

Others suffered irreparable damage, but scarcely any so much as that of Carlisle. For this vandalism, Cromwell must in a great degree be held responsible, as the leading man of the party which perpetrated it, and as having possessed, and yet never exercised, the power to repair its consequences. Indeed, except music, of which he was passionately fond, he seems to have felt and cherished a thoroughly puritanical contempt and repugnance for all the fine arts.

In this respect, as in many others, how unworthy is he to be compared with those myriad-minded men, who knew not only how to fight and how to treat, but how to adorn life—

how to address the souls of their fellow-men for centuries, through solemn and august works which strike upon the imagination and the heart through the senses. Such were the temples and amphitheatres that Cæsar planned. Such were the columns and arches and public edifices that Napoleon constructed. How inferior, too, was he to these men in richness and brilliancy of mind? His oratory was impressive, from his entrance into the House of Commons, because he always spoke with great good sense, and with fiery earnestness; but it is uncouth, prolix, involved, and to a reader even wearisome, having scarcely a gleam in thought or language of that lightning power of genius by which Cæsar and Napoleon transfixed the hearts of men. And often all the greatness of Cromwell, in his own departments, war and government, though real and intrinsic, has appeared much more striking, because of the mediocrity of most of those by whom he was surrounded.

Fairfax was the only one of the parliamentary Generals, besides Cromwell himself, who seems to have had much talent; and he lacked energy and decision; while of the Royalists, Prince Rupert did as much to ruin his uncle's cause, as if he had been bribed by his enemies; while Ormond and Capell and Hapton and Astley, were merely sensible, gallant gentlemen. Had Montrose, indeed, instead of leading a few wild Highlanders, been at the head of an army like that which fought on the king's side at Marston Moor or Naseby, and the issue been the same, then it would have been impossible to deny that his conqueror was one of the greatest captains the world has ever seen. As it is, we only know that no equal ever faced him. He was not less fortunate in the period when he began to interfere in the affairs of the continent. The Thirty Years' War was just closed, and Germany lay faint and bleeding from innumerable wounds. Spain, paralyzed by her Church and by her government, forbidden by the Inquisition to think, and thereby losing the very power of thought, stript of her former political liberties, ruled by kings so weak and incapable that they were notoriously under subjection to favorites scarcely superior in mind and energy to themselves—Spain was rapidly sinking to its present state of helplessness and degradation, and presented its unwieldy

bulk to an active assailant, as the whale rolls before the harpooner, with a vast surface to wound, with immense riches to spoil, and with no skill or power of defence to repel. France, on the other hand, was full of youthful vigor; but fortunately for Cromwell's ascendancy, Richelieu was dead, Louis XIV. was a minor. It was in the interregnum between those two great rulers, that he carried matters with so high a hand over that proud country. Cardinal Mozaine, a cunning, timid man, and doubly hateful to the nation he governed, as not only a foreigner, but an Italian, a countryman of Catherine DeMedicis, was then at the helm. The country was, indeed, in a most confused state. The great nobles levied war against the king, or fought for him, apparently to pass away the time—changing sides in a moment of pique or ill humor with their associates, or to gain a smile from their mistresses. To a country in this state of disorder, with a ruler constitutionally fearful, Cromwell, with his sagacity, resolution and military fame, had to address himself. No wonder that he spoke only to be obeyed. His reclamations in behalf of the Protestants would not have been listened to so meekly thirty years before, when Richelieu was besieging Rochelle, nor thirty years after, when Louis XIV. was revoking the Edict of Nantz. He bestrode the world like a colossus, because the men around him were pigmies. On the whole, when we examine what he did, we find that his genius was rather destructive than constructive. He pulled down the throne, but he could not build another, nor could he set up a republic; he pulled down first Episcopacy and then Presbyterianism, but he had nothing definite to offer the nation in their stead. He gained no permanent conquest for his country but Jamaica, and that rather by accident than of purpose; he made no improvement in her economical or social interests; and, except the halo of reputation which he shed around her name by his victories on land; and by Blake's at sea, his work for all good purposes died with him. What good he frustrated of course no man can tell. It is certainly possible that but for him, there might have been an agreement between the king and people; that the Church might have been upheld; that society might have escaped the absolute domination of the Puritans, and the consequent reaction, the dis-

soluteness and profligacy of the Restoration. Looking at the issue of his work, Cromwell cannot be considered even as a successful man; and though undoubtedly great, he cannot be ranked with those mighty minds who have regulated the course of history, and the fortunes of their entire race, and left an indelible impress on the institutions and even the character of mankind. He must be relegated to that secondary, though still very high rank to which we assign the Marlboroughs and the Wellingtons, the Henry IV. of France and the Frederick II. of Prussia—men renowned for prowess in the field and wisdom in the Cabinet, but yet mere warriors and statesmen, not those bright universal intelligences, who are competent to win the prize in any arena of human effort. And some such estimate of Cromwell's intellectual proportions even his enemies were obliged to allow the justice of. Self-respect would compel this, for he had conquered them all, and they would scarcely desire to have it thought that their superior was either a coward or a fool. The particular in which they seem to me to have been least just to him, is in the moral aspect of his character. I have already quoted the language of Clarendon, that Cromwell had all the wickedness against which damnation is denounced, and for which hell-fire is prepared; and Lingard says "his whole life was made of artifice and deceit," and yet these two are among the calmest of the historians opposed to him. A great and very favorable light has however been shed on his character, since these authors wrote, by the publication of his letters and speeches. In these he speaks for himself, and we see not only his penetration and sagacity, his calm fortitude when the day is darkest and the storm heaviest, and all the other lofty elements of character, but we see the gentleness almost of a woman in his intercourse with those he loves; great consideration for the helpless; warm domestic affections, and other sweet and gracious elements of character, softening and adorning the stern bold man, like flowers blooming on an Alpine cliff. The great question, however, concerning his moral nature, (for a robber may be kind to his wife and loving to his children,) the point on which our whole estimate of his character must depend, is this, was he sincere in his professions of patriotism and religion? These professions

were sufficiently loud and obtrusive. Were they the uncontrollable expression of genuine feeling, or were they the utterances merely of a remorseless craft and hypocrisy? It would be very easy to pronounce peremptorily either way, and to offer well authenticated facts in confirmation of either view. But this short, unqualified way of deciding on character, does not suit the complexity of human nature, and least of all men would it suit the case of Oliver Cromwell—a man of large experience of life, deeply affecting his original elements of character, and who, even in these elements was various, and so to speak, many-sided. The basis of the man's moral nature, I suppose to have been a profound melancholy. He shared this temperament with some other men who have most affected the fortunes of the world—with Mahomet, with Martin Luther, with Dr. Johnson, with some of the ancient prophets, with some of the old saints. This temperament, inclining men to look with scorn and indifference on the ordinary objects of human pursuit, renders them more single-minded, more energetic, and more uncontrollable in effecting the objects they actually take to heart. How can you alarm a man to whom life itself is a weariness, to whom all things appear flat, stale, and unprofitable? Here, then, is a basis for magnanimity. And at the same time, how can you bribe a man, who sets no value on any thing you have to offer? This melancholy temperament, then, is allied to sincerity. But there is a class of thoughts and interests, which, if they be considered, cannot be despised. They are those which relate to the soul, to God, and to eternity. If we analyze earthly things, they cannot bear it, they shrink away, they become as nothing. But the deeper we search into, and the longer we contemplate those which are eternal, the more grand and vast do they loom before the mind's eye. There is, then, a natural affinity between a thoughtful melancholy temperament and religious sensibility and earnestness. The tendency may be suppressed by intellectual convictions unfavorable to it, as for example, in an infidel age; and where the tendency is not checked, the religion may be true or may be false, to which it is directed; but, independently of these considerations, it is manifest, on psychological grounds, that strong and deep religious impressions are easily made on men

of melancholy temperament, and the incidents of history strikingly confirm the conclusion which would itself flow from *a priori* reasoning. Mahomet was such a man. He who supposes him to have been a mere vulgar mercenary impostor, like Theodos of old, or Joe Smith in our own day, does greatly err. There is every reason to believe that he began with the earnest purpose to be what was much needed at that time, a religious reformer; and it is very probable that he was persuaded that God had sent him to do that work. It was not begun till he was past middle age, and had become a man of wealth and social consideration.

The career on which he entered was difficult and dangerous, and of most uncertain issue. He had much to lose, and but little to gain, when he arrayed himself against the superstitions and idolatries of his people. No man can reasonably explain his conduct but through sincere religious zeal. But the point to which I wish to direct especial attention is this, that he was one of those men who are constitutionally grave and ever sad; that he was indifferent to what most men value, and given to extreme and protracted meditation on those great problems which our spiritual nature and eternal destiny suggest. He was, from his youth up, a silent, serious man, inquisitive as to those subjects which bear on the future life.

At twelve years of age he came under the instruction of a Nestorian monk, who is supposed to have done much to shape the system of doctrine which he subsequently taught. When he had acquired wealth by his marriage with Cadijah, he neglected his former commercial occupations, and gave himself up, to a great extent, to meditation and prayer. The babble of the Arabs about camels and caravans, and silks and spices, and wars and forays, could not interest a soul burning with desire to know itself and its destines, whence it came, whither it went, what its nature. To such a soul, dwelling on thoughts of sin, and holiness, and God, and eternity, the worship and faith of those around him, worship of the black stone at Mecca and of graven images, faith in a multiplicity of gods, and in stars as gods, and in images as divine; all this seemed as a blasphemous deceit and horrible impiety.

Thus he gradually absented himself from society, and, seeking solitude in a cavern, would remain days and nights together wrapt in meditation and prayer. There he saw visions and dreamed dreams. There it was revealed to him that there was but one God, and that resignation to His will, was the great, all-comprehensive duty of man. There, it was impressed on his mind, that he was called to go forth and teach others what he had himself, after many painful struggles and anxious thoughts of soul, thus learned. At first, it seems he was doubtful of his own mission, and needed to be confirmed by the assurance of his wife and his friends, that he was indeed the prophet of God. I suppose, then, that his original motives were good; that his first steps were taken in all sincerity, and that his religion, in its primary annunciation, was a great improvement on the low idolatry scarcely above Fetichism of his day and country. That all this was, in the course of time, changed very much for the worse; that in a certain sense, that is true which is often said of him, that he began a fanatic and ended a hypocrite; that he became infuriated by the opposition he met with; that he was debased by his struggles, and by his very success; that he gradually imbibed the spirit of a warrior, a conqueror, and a sensualist; and that at length he feigned revelations to justify his own character and practices—all this seems to me indubitably certain. But such are the weaknesses and inconsistencies of human nature, that all this is not irreconcilable with the belief that he was originally sincere and earnest in his religious aspirations; and I urge this to show the connection that exists between deep religious sensibility, and that mysterious temperament, lofty, melancholy, ascetic, which he shared with Cromwell and many more of the master-spirits of mankind.

Martin Luther is another. In classing him, then, with these men, of course I do not mean to intimate that he was like them in all respects; not more pure, not more devout. He was, in these respects, I am greatly persuaded, their superior; but he was like them in a melancholy which approached almost to madness, and in a depth of religious feeling which made him count all the bribes and all the terrors

of the world but as the small dust of the balance, compared with the duty of holding and maintaining and propagating his convictions. Luther, it has been well remarked, had a mind intently self-contemplative and profoundly unquiet, which, except the strongest active occupations diverted it, preyed on itself—scrutinized its own faith, feelings, fears and hopes—pried into the mysteries of its own nature, and provoked internal dissatisfactions and struggles. He speaks of his great scenes of trial, as being throughout life, *internal*. His agonies, his temptations, his colloquies with himself or with Satan, the tenderest controversy, and the most formidable disputant were always *within* him. He fasted, prayed, watched long and vigorously. Often, when a monk, on returning to his cell, he knelt at the foot of the bed, and remained there until day-break. He relates that once, for a whole fortnight, he neither ate, drank, nor slept. At the foot of the altar, his hands clasped, his eyes full of tears, he prayed for peace and found none. One morning, the door of his cell not being open as usual, the brethren became alarmed—they knocked, and there was no reply. The door was burst in, and brother Martin was found stretched on the ground, in a state of ecstasy, scarcely breathing, and well nigh dead. Is it not easy to trace the coincidence between these struggles and those of Mahomet in his cave, and of Cromwell, as Carlyle vividly describes him, “walking with a heavy foot-fall and many thoughts by the bank of the dark and slumberous Ouse, with thoughts not bounded by that river, with thoughts that went beyond eternity, and a great black sea of things that he had never been able to *think*.” May we not trace these same struggles in all men of whom we know any thing, of active minds, and at the same time of this melancholy temperament, in Pascal, in Dante, in Cowper, in Dr. Johnson—“fits of the blackness of darkness, with glances of the brightness of very Heaven.”

But these struggles do not belong only to men of this class, who do come to some solution, more or less just, more or less satisfactory, of the problems with which they are perplexed, concerning the soul, and God and eternity; they belong also to those to whom these problems remain forever insoluble,

and who sink into unbelief and Atheism. They have been traced for us in saddest but clearest light, by the pens of Rousseau and Byron and Shelley, men who yearned for knowledge and peace, and madly rejecting that which came to them from Heaven, plunged into atheistic despair. The great bulk of mankind know but little of these trials; they indeed feel difficulties, for that is inevitable, but they are not much troubled by them, and they readily accept of any proffered solution, and become content. But there is a class of minds naturally disdainful of the petty objects of life, meditative, inquisitive concerning the future, reverential, scrupulous, sometimes morbidly scrupulous, to whom life is a burden, until they obtain some satisfaction to their questionings concerning God, good and evil, the soul and eternity. Such a man was Cromwell. In early life he suffered, they say, from hypochondria. His physician told Sir Philip Warwick that he had often been sent for to him at midnight; that he often thought he was just about to die, and had fancies about the Town-Cross. We are reminded of Luther throwing his inkstand at Satan, whom he believed to be bodily present with him—of Dr. Johnson, after his mother's death, hearing her call him—and of other indications of the perturbed state of powerful souls wrestling with difficulties and temptations. These dark sorrows and melancholies of Cromwell, are valuable as indications of his character. We know better to what order of men to assign him; and it is any thing but a low or base order. As his admiring biographer says, the quantity of sorrow a man has, does it not mean withal the quantity of sympathy he has, the quantity of *faculty* and victory he shall yet have? "Our sorrow is the inverted image of our nobleness." The depth of our despair, measures what capability and weight of claim we have to hope. Black smoke of Tophet filling all your universe, it yet can, by true heart-energy, become *flame* and brilliancy of heaven. At length his soul found rest in the disclosures and consolations of religion, and never afterwards was he so troubled by melancholy imaginations. Indeed, the civil war soon broke out, and his active spirit was drawn away from its own internal conflicts to the embodied tumults that raged

around him, and amid the din of battle and the excitement of diplomacy, while guiding with a strong hand the car of state, and crushing with relentless energy the machinations of enemies, he had no time to bestow on the dark visions of early life. Yet indications of the same temperament we find coming to the surface throughout all his days, and among those indications, I number his coarse and unseasonable jokes. As opposite colors are said by modern science to be complementary, one of another, and as magnetism has its opposite poles, so a given quality of character will show itself by two opposite classes of manifestations. Fear is not only cautious, but it is rash. Prodigality is parsimonious as well as profuse, and thus melancholy, while it cannot be cheerful, is both merry and sad. Never perhaps was there a great jester who did not often suffer from deep depression. Where there is such violent action, there must be corresponding reaction. Thus the two gravest of modern nations, the Spaniards and the English, have most humor. Shakspeare, with his accustomed intimate knowledge of human nature, introduces Falstaff complaining of melancholy. And the actual humorists, Sterne and Swift, were any thing but happy men; while the solemn Johnson would burst out occasionally into uncontrollable fits of laughter, and Luther's jests are as pungent as his invectives, and his wit scarcely less famous than his eloquence.

It is thus we are to understand Cromwell's coarse and unseasonable jocularities. It was repeatedly exhibited when events were gravest, and his own feelings ought to have been the saddest. Thus when he signed the order for the king's execution, he smeared with ink Henry Martyr's face, who sat by him, and who immediately did the same to him. Was this exuberance of spirits in the very doing so dreadful a deed? Surely not. It was the very tension of his nervous system which thus sought relief. He gave vent to his deep emotions in buffoonry, because he could not suppress them; and to utter them in suitable word or deed would have been discouraging to his followers, already anxious and shrinking from the consequences of their own solemnly pronounced judgment. On another occasion, he ends an interview with

Ludlow, by throwing a cushion at his head and running down stairs—not a very seemly and dignified proceeding on the part of so great a man, but done probably in order to avoid breaking out into that terrent of passion and invective which Ludlow's unyielding opposition was likely to urge him to. On the whole, if I have justly estimated Cromwell, he belonged by original constitution and natural temperament, to a class of men who, of necessity, are in earnest in what they undertake, who are not cheerful and happy in their organization, who look on the mysteries of the universe with a sad and unquiet eye, who are much occupied with these problems, who are not much attracted by the toys and gewgaws of life, who do not live for bread alone, but for the truth which they have painfully discovered, or suppose themselves to have discovered, and for the right, which they desire to see established.

Such men must be in earnest. It is not among them that you find the quacks and impostors of the world, those who cheat their fellow-men for a morsel of bread. Cromwell went forth to do his work, sternly earnest, believing he was called thereto by God; believing that God would own him, and prosper his work. He had much to surrender even to set out on his career. He was past forty years of age when the Long Parliament began to sit—a time of life when men think of rest rather than of untried and arduous fields of labor. He had a family which he loved with an intensity of affection which none but strong natures like his can feel. The shot which killed one of his children, young Oliver, who fell in a skirmish with the Scots in 1648, almost slew his father likewise. Ten years afterwards, not long before his last illness, hearing some one read these words from Phil. 4th ch., 11th, 12th, 13th verses:—"Not that I speak in respect of want: for I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound: every where, and in all things, I am instructed, both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need. I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me," he said, "This scripture did once save my life, when my poor Oliver died, which went as a dagger

to my heart, indeed it did." The death of his favorite daughter Elizabeth, Lady Claypole, which occurred not much more than a month before his own, no doubt insured and hastened the latter. A man who thus cherished his children, as an eagle her young, was not likely to expose the precious nest for any selfish object. He went forth to battle because he believed God and his country called him. And certainly there was much in the state of the country to justify that belief.

Charles had been trained by his father in the principles of arbitrary government, and no doubt sincerely believed that he was responsible to God alone for any of his acts. His ministers, Buckingham and Strafford, were accustomed to exercise their powers in the most haughty and oppressive way. The people, on the other hand, felt the impulse to freedom of thought and action which the reformation had imparted, and were conscious of increasing power resulting from rapidly growing wealth and knowledge. What the constitution really was, no one could certainly tell. There was none written, and there were precedents on both sides of every disputed question. Perhaps a collision was inevitable. If implicit obedience were rendered to the king, the government would become a despotism like that of Spain or Russia. If on the other hand he yielded every point, the monarchy was at end. It is observable that in the beginning of the contest, the opposition were so clearly in the right, that in the earlier part of the long parliament there was almost entire unanimity against the king, Lord Capel being the first to move a redress of grievances, and Clarendon and Falkland leading the party which assailed the court. It must be admitted also, that there was something to justify Cromwell's opposition to the authority of the church as it was then exercised, for it was not exercised either mercifully or wisely.

Archbishop Laud was a pure and devout man, inflexible in his maintenance of the truth as he held it, dying for the church like a martyr of its best ages; but unhappily not only willing to suffer himself, but willing also to inflict suffering on others, and insisting not only on obedience to the faith in its essentials, but an acceptance of the ritual in its merest circum-

stantials. He was, in short, good and able in his way, but imperious and narrow-minded. He had not in his intellectual vision sufficient perspective. The little and the great were nearly equal in his view; surplices and genuflexions were scarcely less precious in his eyes than creeds and commandments. His face, as preserved to us in paintings and engravings, has in it the lines of severity and obstinacy, and lacks the indications of an expansive understanding; and there is in the correspondence which passed between him and Strafford an ominous repetition of a sort of signal-word which they used, *i. e.* Thorough. When such a man stood before Calvinists, Presbyterians and Independents, representing Ritualism, Ecclesiasticism, Armenianism, and even strongly, however unjustly suspected of Romanism, we cannot wonder at the virulence with which they pursued him.

It is idle, however, to talk of them as the champions of religious *liberty*. They did not mean liberty for any but themselves. They struggled for supremacy, the supremacy of their own system, which involved the casting down its rival. To accuse Cromwell, then, of hypocrisy and self-interested ends in the battle he fought for the Commonwealth and for Puritanism, is to bring a charge not only without evidence, but against evidence. When this capital point of his sincerity has been settled, there is, really, very little room left for difference of opinion as to his character. He did many things that cannot be successfully defended, but nothing that was mean or base, and not many, probably, that his own conscience protested against at the time. He did massacre the English refugees and the native Irish at Drogheda and at Wexford, but he justified these acts to the world and probably to himself, on the ground that he thereby shortened the war, and prevented a still greater effusion of blood. He did expel the native Irish from their possessions, and compel them to settle in a narrow, remote, and barren part of the Island in Connaught; but in doing this, he pursued the very policy which our government is following in its treatment of the Indians; and his estimate of the wild Irish of his day, was not probably very different, perhaps scarcely so favorable, as that which is common with us of the Indians. He did, in

effect, kill the king, for by a crook of his finger he could have saved his life; but he probably justified this, not only on the alleged ground of the king's attempts on the lives and liberties of his people, but still more on the consideration that the civil war would never cease while the king lived. It is certain, that on the whole, he did not shed blood wantonly or wilfully. He saved the lives of many royalists who were in his power; when threatened daily with assassination himself, he would permit no attempt at the assassination of his enemies. This mercy was, in some degree, owing to his remarkable fearlessness. He refused his consent to a plan to exterminate the Royalists, Clarendon says, from too much contempt of them. While not the equal of Napoleon in brilliancy and grandeur of genius, how immeasurably is he his superior in magnanimity! Napoleon, though almost canonized if not rather deified by a recent American writer, cannot be considered a magnanimous man. He murdered—to use the truest and most proper word—he murdered the Duc D'Enghien, from the fear of being himself assassinated—a fear to which Alexander showed himself so superior, when he took the cup from the hand of his physician—a fear to which Caesar and Cromwell never yielded, though encompassed by far more real danger. Napoleon caused four thousand Turks who surrendered at Jaffa on the promise that their lives should be spared, to be shot down three days after the capitulation. The massacre at Drogheda is the darkest stain on the memory of Cromwell; but how excusable, how honorable is it, compared with them assacre at Jaffa! It was done in the heat of battle—no promise was broken, no capitulation violated. The next day after the storming of the city two towers were taken, from one of which some of his men had been fired at and killed, when it was certain that there could be no effectual resistance. Under these circumstances of great provocation, Cromwell contented himself with killing the officers, decimating the men, and sending the survivors to be sold at Barbadoes. All these were acts no doubt of detestable cruelty, and they have made the name of Cromwell to be a curse and horror to the present day in Ireland. But they were not unprecedented in the stern trade of war. A man

taken in arms having just tried to slay his conqueror, is understood to be at his mercy. If he is spared, the greater is the glory of his victor; if he is put to death, he pays the forfeit of that cruel game he has been playing. But at Jaffa, Napoleon invades a country which had been at peace with his, until he and his army land on its shore. He takes a city, whose only crime is, that it is faithful to its duty. Four thousand gallant men are prepared to continue their defence. His own aid and stepson promises them that if they will lay down their arms, their lives shall be spared. But it is found that this will not be convenient. Food is scarce, and four thousand additional mouths will increase that scarcity. If these men are turned loose, they may join his enemies still in the field. For two days the matter is debated, at length it is determined they shall all be shot. They were marched in chains to the sea shore, and divided into small squares, and mowed down by successive discharges of musketry. For hours this was continued, and they who survived the shot were despatched with the bayonet. And yet it is certain that Napoleon did not love bloodshed for its own sake; but he was supremely selfish, and he would break faith, and would trample out thousands of lives, not only to enhance his glory, in which he was like the other heroes in history, but to save himself from some additional cares and dangers, in which, to the honor of human nature be it said, he was not like them. At that same Jaffa, (a name which must have rung in his ears whenever he thought of a judgment to come,) at that same Jaffa, on his return from Acre, where he had been repulsed, he is accused of having poisoned some of his own soldiers, to save them indeed from the cruelties of the Turks; and in his conversations at St. Helena, without expressly admitting the fact, he justifies it on the ground of mercy, and says he would have done so to his own son. But who, it may be asked, brought them into the power of the Turks? Who, by his previous massacre of his prisoners, had so infuriated the Turks, that they would show no mercy? Can any one imagine Cromwell poisoning his Iron Sides; or Caesar, pagan as he was, his Tenth Legion? He withdrew from Egypt, leaving his army behind him, as soon as it be-

came certain that the expedition must ultimately fail. He left his perishing squadrons on the retreat from Russia, harassed by the enemy and sinking under the cold, and himself hastened back to Paris. No doubt his presence was required there, but was it not doubly required in the midst of men whose devotion to him was proving their ruin and their death?

In entire consistency with this, he was the first man to reach Paris with authentic accounts of his disaster at Waterloo. He was miles from the field of battle, when his Old Guard made the last effort to save the remnant of his army. It might have been the politic course, but it was hardly the magnanimous one. In his more personal and private relations, he cast from him the wife of his youth and crushed the heart that loved him best on earth, to help forward the interests of his ill-starred ambition. Of all the men of whom history treats, there is perhaps no one, except Lord Bacon, who exhibits such a contrast between his intellectual grandeur and his moral littleness. He was far from being the worst of men; and he certainly was, in brilliancy and extent of genius, one of the very greatest: and, while exhibiting at Lodi and elsewhere, when he considered the occasion called for it, a courage worthy of the army he led, yet was he too selfish to be a hero of the first rank, even when measured by an entirely worldly standard. He could do kind and noble acts in the happiest manner, and accompanied by the most striking and appropriate language—for no one could make a phrase more brilliant than he; but it is difficult to point out anything of this sort that he *did*, that *cost* him much. But, whatever his other faults might be, no one can bring charges *of this sort* against Cromwell. He never forsook a friend, still less a whole army imperilled in his cause. He never left others to endure sufferings or to meet dangers from which he withdrew himself. He was no doubt ambitious; but it is impossible not to see that it was not ambition alone or principally that made him draw his sword in civil strife. Higher and nobler objects than anything that centered in himself alone, were in his mind's eye. He fought for the liberty, the happiness, and the glory of his country, and what he believed to be the truth of the gospel of his God.

No doubt he wished to be the foremost man in England ; but much more did he wish England to be the foremost nation of the earth. On reading to his council a letter of Blake's, relating to the high manner in which the admiral had interposed at Malaga to protect some Englishmen and to punish their assailants, Cromwell expressed the utmost approbation, and declared that by such means they would make the name of Englishman as great as that of Roman was in Rome's most palmy days. But he felt an influence still more elevating, and still more helpful to produce that self-forgetfulness in which magnanimity essentially consists. It was his religious fervor. I am not now inquiring into the purity or the completeness of his creed. No doubt in both respects it was faulty, but such as it was he believed it firmly. It was mainly in this respect that he was the superior of Cæsar and Napoleon. It was the unhappy destiny of these two men to belong to a very irreligious age. They were born into a moral atmosphere that was like the air of a room that has lost its oxygen—such as the Black Hole of Calcutta—and their whole moral nature was paralyzed by it. Cæsar lived when Paganism had become a laughingstock even to Pagans, and he seems to have had as little sense of religion as could be found in a man of such genius and general sensibility. He had, consequently, little or no moral principle. He did right sometimes, and splendidly right, not because he felt it an obligation, but because it was the impulse of his own noble nature. Napoleon reached manhood surrounded by those influences which culminated in the decrees of the French Convention, which pronounced the throne of heaven vacant, death an eternal sleep, and man, by consequence, to be only a superior sort of beast. Religion was to him, during the busy part of life, only a political engine, by which he worked on the feelings and purposes of men. He professed in Egypt to be a Mussulman, in the same spirit of calculation with which he afterwards made a concordat with the Pope. In the comparative solitude and retirement of St. Helena, when life was waning away, his mind received a sounder and more healthful tone ; and in his last days, the sacraments of the Romish church were administered to him at his own request : but

even then, he asked for them in an apologetical manner, and as if conscious that he lowered his position thereby. But with Cromwell, religion was a great reality. It was the highest, the eternal relation of things. To be ashamed of it, was more foolish than to be ashamed of living or thinking. To him, God was an ever-present being. His providence it was that watched over him; His decree the effectual cause of his victories. His conduct, to be sure, did not always correspond with these sentiments; and when surrounded by the splendor of a court, and living in unaccustomed luxury, he relaxed, it is to be feared, very much from that strictness of morals, which had characterized the devout farmer of Huntingdon. That jealousy, by which his wife was tormented after he became Protector, seems to have been not without cause. And he must have felt that he had been guilty of many acts of military severity, of political intrigue, and of personal duplicity, which were wide deviations from that path of sympathy, sincerity, mercy and love in which his God had commanded him to walk. Cromwell, then, must be pronounced a hypocrite, if by hypocrisy is meant not acting up to a man's principles; but alas! who could abide that test? In that point of view, looking at poor humanity, we must say with the Psalmist in his haste, "All men are liars." But it may be said, that all religious men do not err to the extent and in the manner in which he erred. This is also true; but it must be likewise remembered, that very few have been tempted as he was. He was no hypocrite in the sense of professing a faith he did not feel. He believed in the reality and necessity of divine grace, and that he had himself experienced it; and this conviction he carried with him as a talisman in all the perils of his subsequent course. And what thoughts does this imply of God, of a judgment, of the worth of the soul, of the effectual mediation of Christ! How often must such thoughts have calmed and restrained that wild, great, vehement spirit, when its own tempestuous energies might have hurried it into deeper guilt than that by which it was actually stained! What a safeguard then did he possess, as well as what a source of grandeur of thought and feeling of which Cæsar and Napoleon were bereft, by

the unhappy scepticism of their respective eras, in which they themselves participated. In the last period of life, by the mercy of God, occasion was given him to cherish these deep-rooted religious feelings, which had so often been smothered and suppressed during his busy and eventful life, by the necessities, combinations and passions of the world—and grace, we may trust, was given him to improve the occasion.

I have already spoken of the strength and vehemence of his paternal affection; of all his children, Elizabeth, Lady Claypole, was the best beloved, and most attractive. She was, says Guizot, a person of noble and delicate sentiments, of an elegant and cultivated mind, faithful to her friends, generous to her enemies, and tenderly attached to her father, of whom she felt at once proud and anxious, and who rejoiced greatly in her affection. When fatigued, as he often was, not only by the men who surrounded him, but by his own agitated thoughts, Cromwell took pleasure in seeking repose in the society of a person so entirely a stranger to the brutal conflicts and violent actions which had occupied, and still continued to occupy his life. She had for some time been an invalid, and in the summer of 1658 he sent her to Hampton court, that she might have the benefit of country air and complete tranquility. Finding her illness increase, he went to reside there himself, that he might watch over her with tender and constant care. Sitting by her side, he heard her give utterance, during attacks of delirium, sometimes to her own cruel sufferings, and sometimes to her grief and pious anxiety concerning himself. On the 6th of August she died, on the 24th he was himself ill; then, as he advanced nearer to the grave, wordly thoughts and cares retreated and disappeared, and the dread interests of eternity occupied his soul. He summoned the ministers of religion and other pious friends, who made earnest intercession that his life might be spared. His own prayers ascended with theirs, and the day before his death he was heard to say, “Lord, though I am a miserable and wretched creature, I am in covenant with Thee through grace, and I may, I will come to Thee for Thy people. Thou hast made me, though very unworthy, a mean instrument to do them some good and Thee service, and many of

them have set too high a value upon me, though others wish, and would be glad of my death; but Lord, however Thou dispose of me, continue and go on to do good for them. Give them consistency of judgment, one heart, and mutual love; and go on to deliver them, and with them the work of reformation, and make the name of Christ glorious in the world. Teach those who look too much on Thy instruments, to depend more upon Thyself. Pardon such as desire to trample upon the dust of a poor worm, for they are Thy people too, and pardon the folly of this short prayer, even for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen." Again during the night, he was heard muttering to himself, "Truly God is good, indeed He is. He will not leave me." In this spirit of humility, of charity toward his enemies, of zeal for God's cause, of trust in His mercy, the great soul of Oliver Cromwell passed away. May we not hope to peace?

